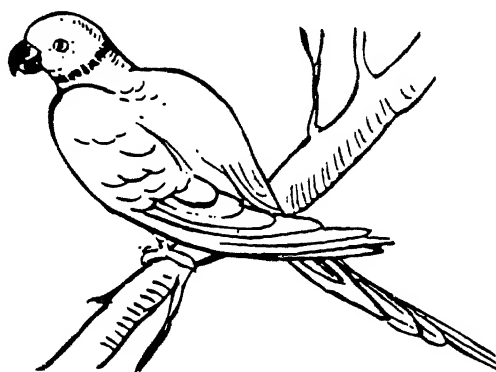


NATURAL SELECTION

A BOOK OF POEMS



K.M.Kantipudi

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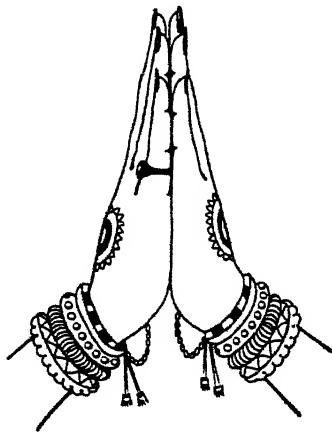
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**DEDICATED
TO**
My Parents



PREFACE

It was in 1919, a London editor expressed his view on America to P.M. Ruskin who intended to stay there, that the Muses could not digest American food and then the well of inspiration will be dried up in torrid climate of American materialism.

To-day, after six decades, the expression was considered with great importance; and proved it as most accurate comment. American materialism spread throughout the world along with terrorism both physical and mental concretion.

The Muses were far away from tormented souls and battered brains to rest in debris of Renaissance era which flourished with ease after hardship. But to-day in the name 'Modern', the privation occurred in all, except on Nature which seriously reacted, when it was necessary as did on Royal Oak, or On Titanic or on Challenger or on Chernobyl.

Now, the man kneels to Atom, until it succumbs him to the last. The man mechanises his body until the vein stagnates the red blood to the last.

Intelligentsia shall combine to rule the world in peace and prosperity, honouring each other's statism.

CONTENTS

1.	Dark and bright	1
2.	Bell	2
3.	Jyothi	2
4.	The Motor Car	3
5.	The 'Necessity'	4
6.	Nothing waste	13
7.	Desire-A Sonnet	15
8.	Farewell	16
9.	Waited	17
10.	Train	17
11.	Worth	18
12.	Work A Day-Dum A Week	20
13.	Spirit	21
14.	Artisan	22
15.	Kilwich	23

MAXIMS

1. Full always undesirable to be right.
2. None can fill more than his little belly,
Nor can live more than a century.
3. Let great brains bubble no more and no more pain.
4. The deed the great, the great the deed.
5. A genius as a slave.
6. Natural and simple joy scope maiden.
7. Dared die once in life not twice in this loam.
8. Some time for you, at last for the other,
9. While past is buried present unknown.
10. While hope the root of misery of mind.
11. Their turn to gain, our turn to lose the leaf.
12. Prove worthy deliberation to nations,
For altruism and puritism to humanism.
13. A dared dead not in adventurous voyage,
But to rescue other's bondage,
14. In future, hope their turn in fame command.
15. Nothing waste in the nature to be useful,
But wait until the time allows you gainful.
16. Born to perish -
17. Try to have higher and higher-fail or win,
18. Seek not the result, it is for the rest,
19. Adversity in fate-deed in glare.
The fate or deed - the time wheel in lead.
20. Do, dare, dash and die,

Dark and Bright

You sit in dark, see no more birght,
 Your eyes shut, with jealous and shy,
 Recline in bright, see no more dark,
 Superimposed, with power and pride,
 Dim and light, mingle in margin,
 Gloom and joy, on either side,
 Good and bad, lean to horoscope,
 Bright and dark, for twilight in repose,
 Too late to aurora, never late,
 To evening star ; good and bad,
 In human body, day and night,
 In infinite glory, whirling in,
 A round to count and to convert sound,
 Vigour as in yore, determined,
 To achieve a deed, get "interest",
 Increase to "think" on deed,
 Develop thinking to "devotion",
 Devotion final to "Yoga"
 In Yoga the errand fulfil,
 When breathe cool, journey unknown,
 In dark in bright in sad in joy,
 Rebirth ensure in the world
 To dues and credits again in life

Bell

The daisy nourish,
The dizzy folk gaze,
The bronze harp flutes,
Granduer in the hall,
Blessed greeting floats,
To memory unfade,
Even far far away.

Jyothi.

The spirits diminish in slow and low,
Rejuvenate again in high and up,
Reduce to mean in glamour and grandeur,
Renovate in misery and mystery,
Spring after severe Siberian winter,
Flourish as spray odorous blossoms,
Optimistic bud in the dense green bush,
Endure natural calamity raise,
To exonerate and enlightened from them,
Intime uncared or care its vindictive,
The state of perilous pertinacity,
Machivellianism prolong and prevail.

The Motor Car.

Born out of little atom brain,
 To vie with time and tide to win,
 Speed on the road, leaves behind dust,
 Buzzing fierce horn to flaming lust,
 Fast in fresh and smooth and clean route,
 Jerk and bound and bump when term shoot,
 As a young lady on Washington highway
 Proud, speed, vigour, haughty, gay,
 Pollute carbon smoke to the next,
 Worrying the world for critical test,
 Blindfold with technic iron mould,
 Scare and scar the innocent old,
 Strange credence on perpetration,
 Blown or weak stud cinch notion,
 In human perception revenge,
 Wait until time permit, deed strange,
 When furnace burst, ~~fuel~~ exhaust *b*
 Then human strength, ~~in~~ healthy breath. *if*

"The Necessity.....!"

A cunny and crooked fox,
A dead bull's horns resin,
Pretend to renoceros,
A bovine stupidity,
Bewilders with sturdy horn,
Threatens with sharp horn,
"Gore you to death" resound,
Gives a scare in and out,
Dances for joy in carouse,
A wintry weather supplant,
Put pressure on, lend turmoil,
A symbol of wisdom,
A grandpa owl realise,
Yore profound a theory,
A theory ascertain,
A squirrel order to gather climbers,
A rabbit to call floor creatures,
A dove suggest to wing for fly,
A hare inducts for quadrupeds
Like and dislike alike,
Small or big in dike,
To gather beyond prairie,

A cave unrisk to resolute,
Grandpa owl lofty retreat.
In group the flies,
The insects and quadrupeds,
Congregate to hear ceremony,
for existence.

Owl indicated and ensures,
The squirrel from corner rock,
“ Dear elders and loved younger,
“ A cruel fox around
“ With her crooked mind,
“ Threatened to kill me and my kin,
“ Getting away each child,
“ Happened thrice and now left one,
“ That one for fox next day,
“ My ancestors told we are happy,
“ Before the blood thirst race arrived,
“ Arrived far far away,
“ Beyond hill or sand or sea
“ Now parvading everywhere,
“ Perish our humble race,
“ They increase in number,
“ Cozy of their tongue,
“ Loosen for their vigour,

- “ Plunder, sobatage on record,
“ Immoral and illegal on range,
“ With their sophistries,
“ We suffer and dismiss,
“ How far this trend rule?
“ The school - master trains the mind
“ The station master minds the train”
“ The answer led to Andamans,
“ A six yard silk sary,
“ A weaver presented to madam,
“ In a little match-fox,
“ To get a boon to cut his thumb,
“ Our nation counted third in the world,
“ In the intellectual field in the yore,
“ But to-day as hundered twenty six,
“ What happened to our mental faculty?
“ How and why it degraded ?
“ Is it blarred or flown thro chimney?
“ Like our cousin dove and rabbit,
“ Do no harm to any creed,
“ For our innocence and ignorance,
“ With their brutel deed,
“ We are their beloved prey,
“ We are five yesterday,

“ To-day we are two,
“ To-morrow we may none,
“ Now our land in danger,
“ Of ruffians - riff raffs,
“ Shelley’s wolves, raven, vultures,
“ Adonis’s feminish shy met goal,
“ Now mind Byron’s daring attack,
“ My dear elders and younger,
“ Draft a curriculum,
“ Save the land and my race,
“ Once for all, once for all ”.

While the squirrel retreat,
Joice clamour echoes,
Recline in the den,
When Owl is on dais,
Congratiation calm as
After fierce cyclone,
Perceive time-honored,
The monitor wilt his wisdom,
You heard the universal problem,
Of meek, innocent creatures,
We detect and delect,
The crooked and cruel fox,
We need a force and adroit,

And candour and stubborn action,
 We call it "self-sacrifice" force,
 They are not mighty, only cruel,
 Without much blood split,
 Accept this and now,
 No other go to us,
 How many are you ready?"
 The auditorium sounded,
 "Ready, ready," and "We ready",
 With consent of owl
 Curiously appease,
 Settle in their tracks.

The squirrel humble upon the rock,
 "I am very glad to know
 All the creature ready,
 To self sacrifice for our Nation,
 To save from malice hand,
 But this affair deals
 Between Fox and me.
 No sacrifice I need,
 Enroll on other occasion,
 The gloomy hours pervades me,
 After I lost my eldest son,

am A brave and ~~of~~ amity,

Avail me in every fold
A Hindu family wishes,
For good son eldest,
To help and protect them,
For later oldage life
For inheritance wisdom.
I lost him to the cruel fox,
In despair hang myself plan,
Other offspring pulled my tail,
I lost second and third too,
I remain in morbid,
I cannot live or die,
To-day or to-morrow,
May loose youngest one too,
Fatally wounded Sidney
Passed a cup of water,
To another wounded, saying,
“The necessity is greater than mine”,
The “necessity” is now mine
“To relieve from this grief,
“Fears and pains thick upon me,
“Give a chance in the deed,
“Earnestly, fulfil my errand,
“Any hardship tackle carefully,
“To reach my goal”

They sympathise with him,
Timely occasion suits,
The owl appoints him,
To prepare for self-sacrifice
In her quest of revenge,
In entrust the work to squirrel,
The gathering dispersed,
“ Lord Rama blessed us,
Left three stripes on our back,
Drawn with his sacred fingers,
And boon as “squirrel Devotion”,
When bridge between Hindusthan,
And Lanka construction was on,
Everyone immerse in their work,
My poor ancestors unstudily wait.
And astonishing the busy bee work
Of all human sensitive beasts,
“If you have a will there is a way”
Desire to help Lord Rama,
To relieve from anguish,
The Squirrel dip in the sea water,
And rolled on the sand,
And plunged in the sea,
To loosen the sand,

Stuck to its body,
Again rolled on sand,
And again dipped in the water,
Oh strange it is! how much sand ?
Glued to it, to cover the sea,
The little animal has little source,
But a great soul has a great scope,
To cover and help Lord Rama,
Impatiently on the shore,
Does no good to any.
“ A working ant is beter than sleeping Elephant”,
Duty and dharma done,
Pleased for daring deed,
To cover the sea,
Lord Ram blessed us,

Later, fox, demands her prey,
“My youngest is asleep,
“ Do not talk loud.
“ Me your prey, not now,
“ When evenings star rises
Come to green mountain slant
Vehemently the fox jumps,
In the evening, he there,
Saw the squirrel lamenting,

In the deep slope.,
Jerked and jumped on it,
From up mountain peak
A storm of gravel stones and rocks,
Dropped on fox and burried under.
What happened to little
Innocent beautiful creature?
Is it dead and burried under?
Or the Fate turn up enough long life?
The promise into achievement.
To avoid an evil creature,
One or more good lives loose,
But if not so, good and worthy men
Many more loose everyday,
The grandpa planned well,
And executed in twilight,
To succeed and fulfil in errand.
To save the race and Nation.

Nothing Waste

Up there, a little hut in the high ridge,
Beside his master, sat a gloomy pup,
Away the mother dog napt at the hedge,
The dog enjoy her pup perceive

The wailing little dog to wards mother trot,
Elucidates here grief of heart and soul,
Flooding tears scatter around fret,
Little dog begins to denote here goal.

"We costly little animals to keep,

"Do nothing glory deed to our master's,

" We give no wool or skin like worthy sheep,

" Nor draw heavy cart like the ~~sturd~~ horse, STURDY

" Like poultry and duck we produce no egg,

" Nor milk like cow or meet like fatty hog,

" Like canaries and linnets sing no song,

" Amuse him not like parrots on the nog,

" Nor catch the mice or rats so well as cats,

" Nor depend house and or guard against theft

" As our cousin Towzer, like elephant,

" Or tiger if he kept, the glory left.

“ Then why shall be enliven us with him,
“ Too burden and trouble to maintain us,
“ With hand minutely feeds, takes us to swim,
“ Deserve not his noble, humble service,
“ In return, nothing I do nor toil,
“ Bear not I, his smooth patting and ideal,
“ Unfit to favour, undeserve to bail,
“ To him, no more exist, no more I dwell.”

With wrinkley face, the old august mother,
With speedy steps, hugging her little dog,
And gazed at her discontent and despair,
Murmured she in her ear, fulfilled prologue,

Suddenly springs up she, hearing message,
There leaps up and down she, with merry jest,
Wagging tail, gambol before his passage,
Humble and affectionate for his lust,

Amusing him with thousand sportive tricks,
Grasps the meaning and constant companion,
To everywhere, he pleases while she licks,
Saunters slowly when he was in passion.

Away away many vernal summer
In the effigy of the time and tide.
One fine dawn on lawn, dozes his master,

Rounds and watches the little dog in wide.
 Suddenly barks and jumps, gets him awake,
 And finds a sneaking snake in nearby grass,
 With loud bark, the serpent slipped in shake,
 Danger is abscond, amazed her in embrace,

" Nothing waste in this nature to be useful,
 " But wait until the time allows you gianful.

Desire - Sonnet

Low and vile in desire is itself sin,
 Great and elaborate has its own virtue,
 Try to have higher, higher - fail or win,
 In hundred number achieve one or two,

If it is one or two, what shall you do,
 What remains ? - The soul dormant or dead,
 Desperate, desperate, no where to go,
 Every one laugh, no condolence mend.

Your spear by force and vigour, throw to wed.
 Seek not the result, it is for the rest,
 The flowers wither and go, but there is bud,
 The bud to bear this nasty brutish lust,
 Worry not sister, buds will reach the goal,
 If duty done - easy in their enroll

Farewell

In the water, the fish,
Up in the sky, the bird,
In dense forest the beasts,
Devour no more in grid.

None will die of hunger,
Starve for pabulum,
The pabulum detain longer,
Unending crave for plume,

Unsatiated with present,
Undiminish for the past,
For the future unrest,
In distinguishly last.

Better physical pain girth,
Than mental torture,
Better physical death,
Than brain unrapture.

Many to one,
One to many,
Many and one to none,
Disorder any.

Hiding face, facing bold,
Creeping now, galloping, again,
Blurring once, correcting hold,
Unspelt simple, unregard mien.

Push and drag the burden,
Imbecility in way,
Wisdom harden,
Delirium in sway

Waited

Oh! at last, the agony of hell,
 Unencounter to any man,
 Many vernal years in stingy cell
 Spent, unknown life, heavily drawn,
 Altered face and shape, curve and round
 Disfigure and unretain form,
 Stress cause reason and wisdom found,
 Courage and confidence succeed in alarm.

Train

Masters many more if maker disdained,
 One after another, young and rude bump,
 Uncare in feature, humble and modest,
 And many old and good shunt patiently.
 No more roll, if moved the thumb,
 With their will, whistle long and longer,
 Ungroan while they rest in easy chair,
 Gentle and obedience on track conjecture.
 Motivated compile unregarded,
 Uncontrolled curiosity of masters,

Diversify esserted end,
Time and material race on Dirty path.

Fly quick and speed and faster than any
Until the fish plates shake and slip away,
Fell out of the bridge, drowns in the river,
None wakes up from their eternal slumber.

"If maker disdain in his ignorance,
"Possessors many, contend to potence."

Worth

A culprit hide at home,
Or blame in brain retain,
Or lie in face sustain,
Igle in heart maintain,

The culprit render ills,
Up and down trots and reject,
None hold nor protect them,
Back bite is their spect.

You lend your hand to help,
But cruelty in them reign
Your grace in need unheed,
In future end they pine.

A lurking blame in brain,
Swells out to dimension,
Unknown to float away,
To mingle in oream.

A lie in face is compliance,
To face the challenge later hard,
While sure confidence and courage
Diminish, find life's waning wand.

Oh, sonny, life is still ahead.
Encumbrance needs vitality,
Vitality to pull or push,
Dharma binds to fertility.

Work A Day And Dum A Week

At square, the sun unshine,
And clouds unseen, the stars unknown.
And people race with time,
The twinkling light convey rime.

Deride these human beast,
Uncare the others feast,
Machine the while repair,
Enjoys serenity in shire.

But avarice race and race,
Until their hour to face.

Leaning to poll on the asphalt,
Chewing the gum unwanted or want,
Invainly looking before,
Unthinks or thinks of store.

The face with dull and dim,
The body light and slim,
The grunted cheeks and bovine eyes,
Sign of the worry thoughts.

Unexpress of wail,
 Unsmile at childrens' rail,
 None to chat nor console,
 Neither to wind for better role.

Grown up to youth unknown,
 Neither friend nor parents to maon,
 Lazy and penury matter,
 Vex and wail for partner

Works a day and dums a week,
 Hides his motto in bleak,
 No love for Nature rise,
 Nor love to as louse.

Seeing the "Stop and Shop".
 The light around him mop,
 To-day the day over,
 Next, in other corner.

Spirit

Face the deed brave,
 Small or big ungrieve,
 Let the leaves fade away,
 Future blaze, in sway,

Luck or ill luck race,
 Neither side of the lace,
 Now know the lace unend,
 Past and present are future's blend,
 Unwane the future bright.
 Unwane the spirit flight.

Artisan

While avarice increase
 On table more paper
 Unfinish, unclear away,
 Still more and more as hay.

Abuse again and again,
 With greedy look, acts fine,
 Shylock with piece of flesh,
 Artisan still more unblush.

Eats flesh and sucks the blood,
 Urges next day instead
 Plethoric ills, avarice unsound,
 "To gain a penny, others loosent a pound".

Kilwich And Olwen.

"Oh my beloved son, oh dear,
 "Go not away from me, me fear,
 "The milky cheeks and bones tender,
 "Still babbles slender unlimber

 "Disobey step-mother's notion,
 "Her rancourous proclamation,
 "Unrely on her cursing phrase,
 "Repudiate her malice rage.

 "Oh dear Kilwich, unattain age,
 "To risk for Olwen to marriage,
 "Her malignat brother's daughter,
 "Her malevolence to slaughter,

 "Confidence of her mal-notion,
 "Unbetray of her nigh vision,
 "Contrives her vital and vigour,
 "To accomplish her ends meagre
 "Prolific prayers of the mob,
 "To birth and blessing of God you grab,
 "Compassed your decease mothers move,
 "Wanted me find a shurb on grave.
 "With two blossoms on it to grow,
 "Waited forlong, long time to know,

"At least a day, furnished with bush,
"Wed with your step-mother to push.

"From Heaven, your mother and God,
"Pour their benediction on your head,
"To justify birth jocund,
"To brave, and fruitful your errand.

"Oh sonny, brave and face the deed,
"The deed untimely to your sportive lead,
t/ "My thought assis to blow the flare.
"Unmind the consecutive blare.

"Your cousin Arthur, noble king,
With knights acquaintance dare success bring,
"By my name, his valediction,
"Will accomplish unto surrection".

His steed with dappled grey head,
With firm of limb and youth to flod,
A golden saddle on his back,
A bridle linked with gold, and dock.

With silver lining, plume on neck,
Like hues with many painted lock,
With hoofs shell-forms firm on the feet,
The coarser ready to whip to route.

Two spears of shinning silver unfold,
Well sharpened with steel handle to hold.
An edge to wound the wind and cut.
The steed swoops away swifter than light.

Upon his thigh gold hilted sword,
The blade with hue of twinkling rod,
The ivory horn sounds, booms thunderous sound
Either side of his horse, two hounds.

With rubbles pecked in the bone collar,
Hangs from rough ear to hard shoulder
A four cornered clot of purple hold,
An apple shaped gold in corner fold.

Steadily clinch them all on his shoes,
Upon his stirrups from knees to toes,
The courser thread tied firm and fast,
Unrisk in his long journey to last.

The reins he tightened, lashes his whip
The quadrupeds vie with wind in grip,
Crossing over plain, turfs and swards,
Jumping mounts and hills and mounts.

Flying over falls, streams and valleys,
Galloping in groves, woods and forest,
To the silver sky the dust raised high,
Altered into yellow far and high.

The rustling sounds exceeds them all,
Like the drum beat in war install.
The timid beast and cunning fox,
The chirping bird and scattered ox.

His sharp nose, sign of unyield,
His tongue of brass, vigour to wield.
His global face with curling hair,
As wig with golden hue dyed fair,

With magnificent appearance,
With dignity in relevance,
Arrived before the mighty portal,
Renown for Arthur's deeds immortal.

The youth insists to see Arthur,
Ignoring the comforts offer,
Unlike, he threatened to disface,
And shout around discerns the blame.

The porter cautious his intention,
Aware his vigorous reaction,
Reports to Arthur about youth,
And his blazzing desire unsoothe.

The mighty king, appreciated,
His propensity and intend,
He said, "The greater our courtesy,
"The greater will be our glory,"

The tinted bright crettones in hall,
Engraved sill hanging paints on wall,
On wall hung shields and swords and spears,
On bench lied helmets and armours.

Golden and silver line on his robe,
Comprise his majectic probe,
The knife in meat, the luscious wine,
In horn, the mistrels in niche, strain,

The guests and warriors and chieftains,
With dandy accord, seat attains,
The revelry in the court hall swings
Valorous youth enters as fresh Maia string,

A golden comb in hand, Arthur hold,
And blessed the boy with boon his mould,
On the name of as far as wind dries,
"The rain moistens, the sun revolvers.

"The sea encircle, the earth extend,
"Sacrify all, except my sword,
"My ship, my mantle and my lance,
"My wife, to achieve your intense".

Arthur took oath before Heaven,
The Youth's intention unproton.

"Oh, son, my dear, you are my cousin,
"The blood flow, the same in our vein,

"Oh Kilwich, you will wed with Olwen,
"The daughter of Penkawar along,
"I disperse my able men, a year,
"To get about her home, inquire.

"The men return with news of my boon,
"Within my dominion soon."

The time elapsed, the men returned,
With their hard effort null and void,

Neither knowledge nor intelligence
Induced in their sere severance,
Irritated and deprived youth,
Slowly strolled to cousin's berth.

Consolled himself his lack of luck,
To get leave of him with heart break,
With rage, Arthur counsel him brave,
“Only the Death will prove to save,

“The boon of Arthur’s promise,
“Until then Arthur never leaves,

“Any blessed person, to despair,
“Despair in the noble’s hand suffer,
“Oh Kilwich, ready yourself now,
The mighty knights five their heads bow

Oh look, Bedyr is in swiftness,
Exceeds all, only to me less,
Unfailed his mission carried out,
With only hand fights with unbout

Oh, Kyndelig, guide our chieftain,
Take Swalstat, knew all tongues obtain,
Gavian, returned no home ever,
Without achieve his adventure,

Meneu, to cast a spell over,
On country’s savage pour”,
With Arthurs blessing the train,
Of knighthood journeyed with mien,

Upto the gate they travelled at last,
Or Penkawar at far away vast,
The favour sought of headman's wife,
To bring Olwen to her hut but brief.

Promished they not to harm Olwen,
Just only to behold her shine,
The wife agreed and sent message,
Olwen with shy entered passage,

The maid clothed a robe of red silk,
A collar or rubby gold with bulk,
Of precious rubbles and emeralds,
Magnitised the beholders her mould.

Her head more yellow than flower,
Her skin, foam of wave, whiter,
Her hands and fingers fairer than
The blossom of the mood anemone,
Her eyes more brighter than the hawk.
Her boosom snowy than white duck,
Her cheeks more reddish than red rose.
When entered she, while trefoil repose.

The virgin told to them soar,
"Oh my dear Kilwich, say no more,
"Maybe, you love me, more than any,
"But me, flea not way with shaggy.

"You long for me a great deal of time,
"You might be slanted your good rime.
"I love you too; but only consent
"For my espousal, needs his seal.

"His life will last until espousal,
"But ask my father's proposal,
Fulfil his demand to obtain me,
"His desire disown, miss your fiance.

"But none escaped in querry quest,
"Their life except save no best"
Returned Olwen to her chamber,
Upto the castle followed her,

The stubborn knights and Kilwich decide,
To force desire in their heart plied
At gate nine, slew they nine servants,
And nine watch dogs with no laments,

Cleared their way into Penkwar's chamber,
Demanded him to wed his daughter,
One of the three poisoned darts, at them,
He threw but Bedwer caught its stem.

And flung it and pierced threw his knee,
His rudeness, he felt grievously,

Next day, he threw the other dart,
Meneu caught it, to chest it sought.

On the third, he threw the last one,
Kilwich caught it, his eye balls blown.
Penkwar, the marvels demanded,
With his beautiful daughter to wed.

Sure he, did crooked intention.
Never invain his commission,
None it surpass the marvel deed,
One or other curs~~h~~ them to unlead.

The flax seed to sow, Tertus harp,
A huntsman, Mabon, Gwernach's sword sharp,
And two cubs of the wolf, Oast Rhymhi,
The marvels to have for her beauty.

A fire broke out in the green turf,
And surround the ant hill unsurf,
Gwylseat protected them from blaze,
Got boon of nine bushes seed of flex,

To make a white whimple for Olmen.
On her wedding day to be worn
The imprisoned Mabon, unknow to time,
None known, birds nor beast his name.

Nor rock nor tree nor men heard Mabon,
Imprisoned castle known to Salmon,
With help of him, Mabon set free,
And brought to Arthur's castle in glee.

Kilwich and Kay reputed as craftsmen,
The best burniser of sword shine,
The giant appreciated their skill,
Gave his scabbard and sword by will.

At once, they hit on his throat with sword,
Of Gwernach, the giant as their word,
The cruel wolf slain many herds,
And hide in cave with her two cubs.

Arthur and his train hunted her,
And took the cubs in hand unslur,
A leash made from beard of robber,
Dillus, plucked out alive, unsobber.

With wooden tweezers up on mount,
He scotched a wild bear to surmount,
His gluttony; his slumber sound.
None known nor sense around.

His men a deep pit dig at feet,
Struck and pushed him in, held his bleet,

They cut his beard and lat er slain,
And bind the cubs with leash woven.

With marvels, Kilwich went to the court,
Asked Penkawar to wed with port,
Penkawar earnestly consented,
The revenger,, Goreu until then waited.

Ferociously seized his head and dragged him,
And cut off his head and placed on rime,
Beside his brother's skull,
Satiated his revenge full.

With Olwen and precious, Kilwich and the train,
And Arthur's fame added little more grain.
